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THE PILGRIM OF THE MIDDLE AGES.



"A silly man, in simple weedes foreworne,
And soiled with dust of the long-dried way:

His sandals were with tiresome travel torne,
And face all tanned with scorching sunny ray."

BRADBURY AND EVANS.]

VOL. IV.

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THE PILGRIM OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BEHOLD, in the engraving on the previous page, the genuine pilgrim of the middle ages! A very different figure he is, indeed, from our jolly "Canterbury Pilgrims" given in our previous Number. The one is the type of toil, mortification, and austerity; the others, of mirth and jollity. Chaucer has painted his "laughter-loving" worthies, whose pilgrimage was an occasion of sport and enjoyment; let Spenser describe the one before us:—

"A silly man, in simple weedes foreworne,
And soiled with dust of the long-dried way;
His sandals were with tiresome travel borne,
And face all tanned with scorching sunny ray;
As he had travelled many a summer's day,
Through boyling sands of Arabie or Inde;
And in his hand a Jacob's staff, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind."

We need not enter, or at least attempt to enter, upon a profound disquisition on the *cause* of pilgrimages. Dr. Johnson, in a well-known passage, has given us a *portion* of the cause:—"Far from me," he exclaims, "and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue." To visit the spots which have been consecrated by immortal deeds—to tread in the footsteps which those have traced whose memory we love and revere—is the suggestion of natural piety, not the maxim or observance of religion. Nevertheless, such a practice is easily associated with *any* religion, whenever the qualities of its founder have been such as to excite the enthusiasm of its votaries: and Rome in Europe, Jerusalem in Syria, Mecca in Arabia, and Benares in India, have long attested that the sentiment which gives rise to the practice of visiting what are esteemed sacred places is not peculiar to any system of religious belief, but is common to all. The custom of making pilgrimages to spots of reputed sanctity prevailed to a great extent in the latter ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was early transferred to the Christian church; and from an innocent custom it was exalted into a spiritual duty. A journey to Jerusalem was encouraged and enjoined by some of the oldest "Fathers," as they were termed; they are mentioned as taking place in the third century; and St. Jerome stated that in the fourth century they were common from all parts of the Roman empire. The natural principle which prompted pilgrimage became mixed and alloyed by vulgar and superstitious motives; and the pilgrim returned from a visit to the holy places, not with the simple satisfaction of having seen the reputed spots where great events took place, but under the impression of having performed a meritorious action, and earned thereby a right to the favour of God. Long, long, have men been in learning—and they have not yet learned it—the meaning of the declaration to the woman of Samaria, that neither Jerusalem, nor yet Gerizim, were to be the peculiar seats of worship, but that everywhere, and anywhere, those who worshipped the Father in spirit and in truth were the true worshippers.

Look at our genuine pilgrim. "The professional costume of a pilgrim," says the 'Retrospective Review,' "is usually

described as consisting of a long, coarse russet gown with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leather belt worn round the shoulders or loins, a bowl and bag suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck with scallop-shells (to help himself to water), or with leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm; and a long walking-staff, hooked like a crozier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument."

Before setting out on his pilgrimage, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. Those pilgrims who went from England usually passed to the south of France, and proceeded to Rome either by land or sea, and from thence to Loretto, and down the Adriatic; and having touched at Cyprus or Candia, landed at Alexandria; sometimes they went to Venice, without proceeding to Rome. Those from Constantinople sailed to Rhodes, and from thence to a more eastern part of Egypt. But the greater number crossed the desert from Cairo, and entered Palestine from the south. The pilgrims usually travelled through European kingdoms on foot, and their peculiar habit insured for them alms and protection. At Marseilles, ship-captains, whose vessels were bound for eastern ports, were in the habit of receiving on board, without pecuniary reward, a certain number of these "holy men," whose intention of visiting Jerusalem was at once passport and pay.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the palmers, a class of men whose real history and condition are little known, though their name is familiar. According to the most probable account, their designation was derived from the palm, the symbol of Palestine; branches of which were often brought home by them, as evidences of their journey. The distinction between them and ordinary pilgrims has been defined as consisting in the following circumstances:—"The pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim usually went at his own charges; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he had obtained his palm by death." These distinctions, however, were not invariably preserved; and it would be perhaps difficult to determine any that were so. The profession of a palmer was at first voluntary, but afterwards it was not unfrequently imposed as a penance.

If Mohammed's first intentions had been carried out, Jerusalem might have become the "holy city" of the Mussulmans; and thus the professors of three religions—the Jew, the Christian, and the Mohammedian, would have united in regarding that celebrated city as the type and centre of their respective faiths. But though Mecca and Medina, in the peninsula of Arabia, are regarded as the fountain-heads of Mohammedism, and a pilgrimage to Mecca, especially, to worship at the tomb of the Prophet, is the great meritorious deed of Mohammedism, still Jerusalem is regarded with great veneration. It early fell into the hands of the Saracens; and, at first sight, it might appear natural to expect that the

occupation of Palestine by the warlike professors of a new and rival religion would have stopped all Christian pilgrimage to the Holy Land ; but it proved otherwise. The enlightened caliphs immediately perceived the policy of toleration ; they saw the direct advantages which flowed into Syria through the superstition and commerce of the West ; they may even have learned from their own practice to respect the motives of the travellers, and the kindred passion which occasioned a visit to the Christian Mecca. The celebrated caliph, Haroun al Raschid—whose name is familiar to all who have read the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments”—is stated by Gibbon to have sent to Charlemagne the keys of the Holy Sepulchre ; a piece of refined courtesy

Towards the close of the eleventh century, about the year 1076, the dominion of Palestine was torn from the Arabian dynasty by the wilder hands of the Turks. The pure fanaticism of that rude people was not yet softened by friendly intercourse with the followers of the adverse faith, nor would it stoop even to yield to the obvious dictates of interest. Many outrages were at this time perpetrated upon the pilgrims who visited the sepulchre, and upon the Christian natives and sojourners in Syria. Those who returned from the East were clamorous in their descriptions and complaints ; and tales of suffering and of sacrilege, of the prostration of Christ’s followers, the profanation of his name, the pollution of the holy places—tales of Moslem oppression and impiety—were diffused and exaggerated, and believed, with fierce and revengeful indignation, from one end of Europe to the other.

“About twenty years after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Turks,” says Gibbon, “the holy sepulchre was visited by a hermit of the name of Peter, a native of Amiens, in the province of Picardy, in France. His resentment and sympathy were excited by his own injuries, and the oppression of the Christian name. ‘I will rouse,’ exclaimed the Hermit, ‘the martial nations of Europe in the cause ;’ and Europe was obedient to the call of the Hermit. . . . Invigorated by the approbation of the Pope, this zealous missionary traversed, with speed and success, the provinces of Italy and France. His diet was abstemious, his prayers long and fervent ; and the alms which he received with one hand he distributed with the other : his head was bare, his feet naked ; his meagre body was wrapped in a coarse garment ; he bore and displayed a weighty crucifix, and the ass on which he rode was sanctified in the public eye by the service of the man of God. He preached to innumerable crowds in the churches, the streets, and the highways : the hermit entered with equal confidence the palace and the cottage ; and the people—for all were people—were impetuously moved by his call to repentance and arms. When he painted the sufferings of the natives and pilgrims of Palestine, every heart was melted to compassion ; every breast glowed with indignation when he challenged the warriors of the age to defend their brethren, and rescue their Saviour. His ignorance of art and language was compensated by sighs, and tears, and ejaculations ; and Peter supplied the deficiency of reason by loud and frequent appeals to Christ and his mother, to the saints and angels of Paradise, with whom he had personally conversed.”

Such is a graphic picture of the individual generally consi-

dered as the stimulating origin of the Crusades—those great events which began in the eleventh century, and lasted during the twelfth and thirteenth. There must have been a powerful impelling motive to sustain them so long,—and sustain them, too, in the face of numerous disasters. The first crusade involved a terrible waste of human life. Bands of people set out, under the conduct of Peter the Hermit, without preparations, guides, or leaders, followed rather than led by a few obscure knights ; and after traversing Germany and the Greek empire, perished by thousands on the road, and were finally dispersed in Asia Minor. “The enthusiasm of the first crusade,” continues Gibbon, “is a natural and simple event, while hope was fresh, danger untried, and enterprise congenial to the spirit of the times. But the obstinate perseverance of Europe may indeed excite our pity and admiration ; that no instruction should have been drawn from constant and adverse experience ; that the same confidence should have repeatedly grown from the same failures ; that six succeeding generations should have rushed headlong down the precipice that was open before them ; and that men of every condition should have staked their public and private fortunes on the desperate adventure of possessing or recovering a tombstone two thousand miles from their country.” M. Guizot, the enlightened French ambassador at the court of London, gives us a reason for all this. “The crusades,” says he, “have been represented as a sort of accident, an unforeseen event, sprung from the recitals of pilgrims returned from Jerusalem, and the preaching of Peter the Hermit. They were nothing of the kind. The crusades were the continuation, the height of the great struggle which had subsisted for four centuries between Christianity and Mohammedanism.” This may be the true explanation : but the exciting cause—the agents in operating—were, in the first instance, the pilgrims, and the preaching of Peter the Hermit.

The pilgrimages of the middle ages may be divided into four classes : first, pilgrimages of penance or devotion to foreign shrines ; secondly, pilgrimages of the same kind to English shrines ; thirdly, pilgrimages to medical or charmed shrines ; and fourthly, vicarious pilgrimages for the good of the soul of the principal. The practice of making foreign pilgrimages existed in England from the seventh to about the middle of the fifteenth century. Few persons of any station or wealth failed during that period to engage in those religious tours ; and in later ages they were not uncommon among persons in the middle ranks of life.

VARIETIES OF FLOWERS.

THERE are dispersed over the surface of the globe upwards of forty thousand distinct species of plants which bear flowers ; and from the number of new species which have, in comparatively recent times, rewarded the labours of collectors, we cannot suppose that the entire number, or anything approaching to it, is yet known, even to those best skilled in plants. The vast number of flower-producing vegetables is variously distributed over the globe, in its different regions, according to its several latitudes, climates, and characters of soil. In this respect the usual estimate is, that there are upwards of thirteen thousand flowering plants natives of the intertropical parts of America, and considerably more than five thousand in tropical Africa. In Australia, and the numerous islands with which the wide expanse of the Pacific is studded,

either within the tropics or not very far without them, there are about five thousand species already known; though some of the largest and most tropical of those islands have been but imperfectly explored. Temperate America, in both hemispheres, contains about four thousand; temperate Asia, about two thousand; and Europe, which lies wholly within the temperate zone, contains at least seven thousand distinct species of plants which bear flowers.—*The Florist's Journal.*

HISTORY OF THE POPES.

NO. I.

THERE is no branch of knowledge, not even astronomy—that almost superhuman science, teaching mortals the immutable laws which govern the atoms of the universe—that, so fully as history, lays open to the human eye the workings of that mysterious Providence, before whom individuals mighty as gods in their own estimation are but instruments in working out the destiny of their fellow-men—stepping-stones in the progressive advancement of the human race.

When that page is open before us; when at one view we contemplate the history of ages, we cannot contain our astonishment at the manifest proofs of design in the regulation of events, each of which, contemplated separately, seems to have depended upon the mere caprice of some frail mortal, and yet when viewed in connexion with others appears the manifest result of a preconcerted system. We are ready to exclaim, with the learned and eloquent historian of all nations*, "Stand forth ye gigantic forms, shades of the first Chieftains, and Sons of Gods, who glimmer among the rocky halls and mountain fortresses of the ancient world; and you Conquerors of the world from Babylon and from Macedonia; ye Dynasties of Cæsars, of Huns, Arabs, Moguls, and Tartars; ye Commanders of the Faithful on the Tigris, and Commanders of the Faithful on the banks of the Tiber; you hoary Counsellors of Kings, and Peers of Sovereigns; Warriors on the car of triumph, covered with scars and crowned with laurels; ye long rows of Consuls and Dictators, famed for your lofty minds, your unshaken constancy, your ungovernable spirit;—stand forth, and let us survey for a while your assembly, like a council of the gods. What were ye? the first among mortals? Seldom can you claim that title! The best of men? Still fewer of you have deserved such praise! Were ye the compellers, the instigators of the human race, the prime movers of all their works? Rather let us say that you were the instruments, that you were the wheels, by whose means the invisible Being has conducted the incomprehensible fabric of his universal government, amidst incessant clamour and tumult, across the ocean of time. At every movement of the machine the great Spirit that moves upon the waters proclaims this maxim of wisdom: 'Be temperate, and maintain order!' Whoever listens not to the voice is speedily chastised: how terrible the punishment of those who neglect the admonition is the lesson which history displays."

The intimate connexion of religion with all the social relations of man, renders its study one of the most important branches of historical research; and the progress of the Roman Catholic faith, that mighty engine in effecting the social changes consequent upon the promulgation of Christianity, especially affords a most instructive lesson.

A work of singular merit, the title of which we give below, was published about three years ago in Germany, and has recently

appeared in an excellent English translation by Mrs. Austin, whose skill in the performance of that very arduous description of literary labour is so deservedly celebrated.

This work is peculiarly valuable, from the accuracy of the facts recorded in it; for besides referring to the various documents throwing light upon the subject preserved in various public libraries in Germany and Italy, which, with the exception of the Vatican, where an unworthy jealousy of disclosing too much was evinced by the librarian, Mr. Ranke had access to the private archives of many noble Italian families, where multitudes of papers relating to public events, referring to scenes in which the heads of those houses have been actors, lie buried and almost unknown; nor is it less distinguished for the excellent temper in which it is composed, and the sound and impartial spirit of Christian philosophy pervading it. Mrs. Austin, however, justly remarks that "the title (*The History of the Popes, &c.*) does not represent accurately the subject of the book, which is not so much a history of the Popes as a history of the great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, between authority and innovation, in which the Popes were indeed actors, but generally rather as the servants than the rulers of events. The chief interest of the work lies in the solution it affords of the greatest problem of modern history. It is impossible to contemplate the rapid and apparently resistless progress of the Reformation in its infancy, without wondering what was the power which arrested and forced back the torrent, and reconquered to the ancient faith countries in which Protestantism seemed firmly established."

To this interesting question we may again have occasion to refer; but as our design in this paper is rather to give a condensed sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Romish Church, than to confine ourselves to the period of the Reformation, we shall not pretend to give a regular abstract of Mr. Ranke's work.

The position of the civilised portions of the world at the birth of Christ was portentous. Great events were in store; wonderful revolutions impended over the darkened horizon; but no moral power existed on earth of force sufficient to stem the torrent. The philosophy of the Greeks had shaken the foundations of the ancient mythology, and prepared the minds of the Gentiles for the reception of a purer faith. The Jews, chafing under a foreign yoke, and divided among themselves, looked with longing eyes for a deliverer, a warrior king, who should set his foot upon the necks of their oppressors, and raise again the fallen throne of David: but as when Elijah sought the Lord in the wilderness upon "Horeb, the mount of God," the Lord came not in "the great and strong wind that rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks," nor in the earthquake or the fire, but in the still small voice; so he came in Jesus Christ.

Few and simple were the eternal truths he taught. He announced that those sacred rites, which had hitherto been the outward tokens of God's immediate providence, were abrogated by this new manifestation of his will; that the ceremonies which had been permitted to the weakness, and enjoined as the safeguard of the infancy of faith in the one true God, but whose insufficiency David and Isaiah had already felt, were now to cease, and that man should henceforth rise to a higher and more spiritual faith. But Jesus made no alteration in the political affairs of the state; introduced no order of priesthood, and instituted no precise form of religious worship.

"The work of the author of mercy and love was completed; the root which he had planted in the course of a few centuries spread its shoots beyond the boundaries of the Roman empire; and, together with the veneration of his name, subsists in the most essential points even among the disciples of Mohammed;

* Müller: Conclusion of his Universal History.

† The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. By Leopold Ranke, Professor in the University of Berlin. Translated from the German by Sarah Austin. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray, 1840.

expiatory sacrifices, polytheism, and the belief in annihilation, have vanished from the greater portion of the human race; the more clearly the true nature of his doctrine is displayed to our view, when purified from the corruptions of calamitous times, the more deeply does its spirit penetrate into the foundations of society; many who have supposed themselves his adversaries have laboured in the accomplishment of his plan; and after Christianity, like its founder, had long suffered abuse by priesthood, every development of our sentiment for moral goodness, and every successive advancement in philosophy, gives us new feelings, and opens to us more exalted views of its true principles and inestimable worth."

The earlier societies of Christians were entirely independent of each other, but kept up a continual correspondence, and assisted each other with alms when necessary. Overseers or bishops, as they were denominated, were soon required to regulate congregations, to direct the interchange of epistles, and administer the gifts of charity; the elders or presbyters naturally became the counsellors of the bishops; and attendants or deacons executed their commissions. But in a short time the bishop came also to be regarded as the successor of the Mosaic high-priest, the presbyters took the place of the inferior priests, and the deacons assumed the rank of Levites. These comparisons were at first mere verbal allusions, but the vanity of individuals, which was flattered by them, and at length private interest, spread over them a degree of sanctity, and gave them a powerful impression. From a comparison with the high-priest of the Jews, the bishops gradually aspired to be compared with Jesus himself, who, as the sole and eternal high-priest of the Christian world, was supposed to have appointed vicegerents in his place.

"In this relation they usurped a dominion over the consciences of men which was incompatible with the simplicity and freedom of the primitive times; and since he who presides over the most essential and weighty concerns, has an authority so much the more indisputable over the less important, so the spiritual power, in the course of a few centuries, elevated itself above the temporal, the objects of which are perishable, and stand in the same relation to heavenly things, which the earth holds to the heaven, matter to spirit, and body to soul. We clearly trace the vestiges of this domineering temper in a work of the fourth century, which is termed the Apostolical Constitutions. Thus was the work of Jesus corrupted by men. But as no particular event is without its appointment, in relation to the whole, so it came to pass, without the intention of its founders, that the hierarchy itself co-operated for a time in promoting the general good.

"When the uncivilised warriors of the north broke in pieces the falling monarchy of Rome, Europe would have become what the Asiatic countries now are under the yoke of the Turks, if its conquerors had not found within the limits of the empire an establishment, as yet in the full vigour of increasing power, which imposed respect by its sacred character; which could not indeed humanise the rude minds of savages by the benevolence and refined gentleness of its doctrines, but which, by the dreadful ban of the church, by the terrors of hell-fire, of the devil and his angels, knew how to keep in check the unruly passions of our furious ancestors. Having thus become more docile, they were rendered at length capable of receiving that purer light of which the church had preserved the spark from the times of antiquity; at first only capable of receiving the forms of religion, they became, by degrees, susceptible of religion itself; and by means of this long training, appointed for them by Providence, have finally obtained an equal rank with the ancients, in moral and intellectual greatness, and in many respects have risen far above them. It was a most happy

circumstance that events have followed this course in Europe, the inhabitants of which exercise so powerful an influence on the rest of the world. If other regions, whose richer endowments render them independent of the north, had acquired the same exclusive culture, we might have been left for ever in the darkness of barbarism. But man is only the instrument of an invisible hand.

"The association of the churches gave occasion to assemblies of the rulers, which at first were summoned in particular provinces. For calling together and regulating these assemblies, presidents were required; to whom also application might be made, during the intervals, for the appointment of extraordinary meetings. For this office the bishops of the capital city, which was the centre of affairs in each province, seemed best fitted; and such was the origin of metropolitans or archbishops.

"When the empire, especially after the time of Diocletian, fell into several great divisions, it was necessary that the bishops of each should hold meetings from time to time to consult on affairs of common interest; and by means of communication with other great departments of the Roman world, should add weight to their deliberations. The church which was erected on the ruins of Jerusalem claimed a high reverence from the first; but the poverty and oppression which it underwent left it not so much influence as fell to the lot of the great Antiochian, the Alexandrine, and particularly the Roman church, which not only owed its original foundation to Peter, the first of the Apostles, and his confidential disciple Mark, but by early connexions with illustrious and powerful families, acquired a degree of influence even in the imperial court. These four churches were considered as the principal families, or branches of Christendom, and their rulers as heads of tribes or patriarchs.

"When the imperial residence was removed from Rome to Constantinople, a jealousy arose between the bishops of the old and new capital; between the most powerful patriarch of the oriental empire and the supreme bishop of the West. But the eastern church had four, the western only one patriarch; the branches of the former were soon lopped off by the conquest of the Mohammedans, while the latter, by means of indefatigable missions, extended itself far over the boundaries of the empire; the Roman pontiff stood alone, while the Byzantine was held in humility by the presence of the emperor, and his dignity often compromised in the revolutions of a fickle court. It was so much the more easy for the pope of Rome to animate his flock with one soul, and to give it the power of a well-disciplined army. The origin of this preponderance, and of the present superiority of Europe, was concealed in events of which no man could foresee the development.

"The history of the first ages of the Roman pontificate is as little known as that of the oldest times of the ancient republic. The collections of Anastasius are filled with examples of afflicted and intrepid virtue. We behold a multitude of popes giving their blood for the faith of Jesus, and distributing their earthly goods and the treasures of the church to the destitute, adding continually new majesty to the worship of God, and maintaining the dignity of their office by the serious and venerable gravity of their demeanour. Scarcely are their names known to us; the numbers of their congregations, and the revenues of the church over which they presided, are wholly concealed in oblivion. Learned bishops in other congregations often obtained great personal influence, but the imperial city elevated the dignity of her ecclesiastical rulers in those days, as she afterwards raised them to a second sovereignty over the world*."

[To be continued.]

RAMBLING NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.
BY A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE next day was wet; nevertheless we mounted the Macintoshes, and rambled into the Duke of Athol's woods, and visited the "sight" of the place—that which every visitor, however decrepit, goes to see, and call "very pretty"—the Hermitage. We also saw the "Rumbling Brig," where, as well as at the Hermitage, is a good fall of water; the effects of each being much increased by the rain that had fallen. We retraced our steps to the Abbey, founded in 729, and subsequently obtaining a high degree of splendour and note. Only a remnant of the building was left by the ruthless followers of John Knox, in their crusade against ecclesiastical edifices, and that still exhibits marks of fire and their fury; part of it has been partially restored, and fitted up as the parish-church. Many of the dignitaries formerly belonging to it are buried within the walls, as the inscriptions still testify. We were now thoroughly wet, and having reached our inn, and partaken of the viands set before us, felt no more inclination to stir out.

"The storm without might rain and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle;"

and we, sitting round the blazing fire, felt ourselves quite at home.

The next day we agreed to go on to Blair-Athol, and finding in the yard of the inn a farmer, with a cart and horse, going the greater part of the way, we bargained with him, for a triflē, to let us ride when we wished. He, accompanied by his wife and a friend, had been visiting some relations in Fife-shire, and were now returning; his son having met them with the cart at Dundee. The friend we found to be a most intelligent man, well acquainted with the locality, his country's history, and things generally. He talked to us of political economy, emigration, and education; and I have seldom met with a man who knew so much of so many things. As we passed on, he told us of the different objects we saw, and proved a most valuable companion. We were now fairly among the hills; and pleased with our company, and excited by the grandeur of the scenery, we got on our way admirably. The road is the main one from Dundee to Inverness, and must have been made at great cost; for though the materials for it are at hand, yet it had to be cut out of the solid rock on the sides of the hills. In our route lay the pass of Killicrankie, celebrated as the place where Viscount Dundee conquered and fell, while maintaining the cause of the house of Stuart, on 17th July 1689. The road formerly ran along the bottom of the pass, but it now winds about the hill far above it, and the traveller would scarcely know of the pass, were it not for the roar of the Garry as it urges its dark waters over the deep and rocky channel, as the sides of the glen are covered with trees down to the water's edge. The person I have mentioned volunteered to be our guide through the thicket, and leaving the cart to go on the road, we four followed him down the declivity, where he bounded along like a chamois, we doing the best we could to keep up, or rather down, with him—holding on by trees, roots, or whatever else we could find. Our conductor was voluble in his praises of the place and its associations, pointing out, among other things, the very spot where Dundee fell. It was, indeed, a most wild and romantic place, and well repaid the trouble we had taken to see it. We followed the course of the river to the top of the glen, where the water comes tumbling over the rocks in a series of small falls. Here we saw men spearing salmon, as they rested on the ledges of rock on which they sprung in their way up the stream. At this spot we also saw *Hipparchia*

Blandina, or Scotch ringlet butterfly, a species only found in the north; and took a good many. We now came again into the road, and soon overtook our friends in the cart, with whom we went on for some distance farther, when we parted with them; they having to turn off to their residence at Tamgouloch. It was with regret, I believe mutual, that we separated, and it was with difficulty that we could make them receive any remuneration for the assistance they had rendered us. Worthy souter* of Tamgouloch! I am not likely to see thee again, but I am not likely soon to forget you. Long may you live, and be happy!

On the sides of the road the common ragwort was growing in plenty; and from the flowers we took *Characis graminis* in several instances during the day. Our friends in the cart, though they had never seen an entomologist before, did not openly ridicule us, as would have been the case with persons of the same class in England, but listened patiently and with interest to our explanations. Indeed, throughout our tour, we remarked that we met with less unpleasantness than we expected on the score of our pursuits, and a consideration and respect that would have shamed the more boastful inhabitants of the south. About two miles further on brought us to Blair, a small straggling place, with two great inns for visitors, both of which were brimfull. After seeking about some time, we obtained beds and accommodation at the post-office, a respectable private dwelling.

While stopping at Blair, we determined to make the ascent of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood; and upon inquiry, we found this to be Cairn Gowr, one of the Ben-y-Gloe range, about 3700 feet above the level of the sea.

Choosing a fine morning, after breakfast we set off, being informed we had about four miles to go before we reached the mountain. We found it full six miles, and all up hill, and then the hill after that. As we approached it, the road, which had hitherto been very good for a mountain-track, became more and more indistinct, till at length we lost all trace of it in a boggy district, through which we had to pick our way, being careful to avoid the deep holes with which the place abounded. These had been formed by cutting peat for fuel at some past time, and were now filled with water; and being in many instances covered over by the long heath (*Erica vulgaris*) that grew luxuriantly all about, it was no easy matter to find them until we were in them, which, in spite of all our caution, would sometimes happen. Then the surface generally was so wet, that at every step we sunk over our shoes; but by dint of perseverance we at length reached firmer ground. Here we found that our work was but begun. Masses of rock lay strewn about in all directions; these it was necessary we should mount; then came a portion of spongy ground, to which succeeded great pieces of stone lying loosely in heaps, affording the loosest footing imaginable. Such alternations as these did the mountain present to us as we went on; till at length, after many falls, rests, and about three hours' exertion, we reached the summit in a profuse perspiration. In three minutes we were quite cold; for the wind, which had been blowing strongly all the morning, here roared a hurricane, so that we were obliged to hold on by the rock to be able to stand, and shout to each other to be heard. The hill is surmounted by a cairn, or heap of stones, which afforded us a shelter from the piercing blast.

The scene was wild and grand in the extreme; desolation here holds its court, and rules around. Vast must have been the shock that upheaved the immense mass of stone on which we were standing, and great the convulsion that attended the birth of its

* Shoemaker; this was his trade.

alpine brethren. From our superior elevation we looked down on these as they lay pile on pile as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with lakes that were pent up among them. Of these latter we counted eleven, some of the most distant appearing of the size of, and resembling mirrors. But clouds began to roll up the mountain's sides, and soon enveloped us—consequently shutting out every prospect. It now became useless to wait longer; so we set about our descent, taking for our route another side of the mountain to that by which we had come up.

The going down proved more perilous than the ascent, the rock being too steep for walking, and too irregular for running; so we had to vary our pace according to circumstances, at times involuntarily using a mode of progression suitable only for such a locality—sitting down suddenly, and shooting away like an avalanche, to the terror of the performer, and of those who happened to be below him, who were made aware of the feat by the stones that came rattling from above. At length, after various mishaps, we all arrived at the "Slough of Despond," through which we made our way as before, and gained the road without having sustained any serious injury.

In going over one of the piles of stones in the morning, at a height of about 3000 feet, I unexpectedly found a moth sitting on the face of the rock, the wind blowing right upon it. I could scarcely believe it could cling in such a situation—yet there it was apparently unconscious and unhurt. It proved to be a new species, and besides, it now serves me as a memento of the place and the occasion. On the heath at the bottom of the hill, I took caterpillars of *Lasioecampa quercus*, which I brought to London, and which produced perfect insects. A little farther on, my companion found a most beautiful *Plusia interrogationis* sitting on a stone. The scene all around us was now wild, sterile, and very grand, and afforded us a theme of admiration till we reached Blair, which we did about seven, as hungry as a long fast and mountain air could make us. We soon forgot all but the pleasing part of our day's excursion, in discussing the good things that our host had provided.

In the morning, our breakfast had an addition of some grouse, which we had poached the day before on the moors, having surprised some young ones, and taken them before they could rise from the heath. They proved no mean auxiliary, though our fare was liberal.

The district of country through which we had passed from Dunkeld to Blair, exhibits proofs of what one mind, when well informed, may do for the improvement of a country. The whole of this hilly tract was desolate and bare, until it having been proved that larch-trees would grow and flourish in elevated and exposed situations, nearly or totally devoid of earth, the dukes of Athol, to whom it belongs, set about planting the hitherto unproductive rocks with this species of fir; and between 1738 and 1826, they are said to have planted upwards of fourteen millions of trees, and to have covered more than ten thousand acres. The result exceeded the best expectations. The trees have thriven admirably, and besides adding greatly to the beauty of the scene, some of those first planted, when cut down, have yielded a large quantity of timber of a very serviceable quality for ship-building and other purposes, and have brought a good price. Eventually they will give a large return for the outlay expended upon them; and all this, be it remembered, from land that never had produced, and was deemed incapable of growing, anything. Too much praise can scarcely be given to individuals like those who take advantage of the knowledge of the constitution of natural objects, and their mutual adaptations, and employ them for the general good.

CHRONICLES OF THE PONT NEUF.

NO. III.

THERE is a fine old plate of the Pont Neuf and neighbourhood, on a large scale, which we have seen in the cabinet of engravings at the King's Library, and interested us mightily; the more so as it had served the great historian of Paris, M. Dulaure, to sketch his most graphic description of this interesting central part of Paris, in the times of Henry IV. The bridge is represented in that plate with crowds of purchasers, passengers, and loiterers; many of their actions depicted in the satirical style of Hogarth. The concourse there assembled at the shop-doors, at stalls, round quack-doctors' stages, &c., is considerable, and really curious to see; for each individual seems to act a part of some sort or other. One ungainly fellow, who is standing all agape with admiration at a juggler's tricks, is getting his own money-bag, or purse, (ostentatiously attached to his girdle, according to the customs of the times,) privily cut away by a *coupé-bourse*. We once had that term too; but "cut-purse" is now obsolete. Among us, it long survived the custom indicated by the words. There was indeed one fair reason for thus hanging the purse out to public view, from the prevailing mode of the clothes of the period; seeing that their fashionably tight body-fits allowed of no inside pockets. Filled or unfilled, a visible purse was indispensable to every respectable person; and *les pauvres diables*—the needy dandies of the time—when penniless, would give these diminutive *sacs* a plausible look and sound, by filling them with buttons and such-like small metallic wares. In the print alluded to, a great deal of miscellaneous merchandise and frippery is set out, as if exposed to sale; the whole scene, in fact, gives an idea of our Rag-fair and Bartlemy-fair combined. Close to the bridge, in all the early views, figures the famous (or rather infamous) Tour de Nesle, the atrocities done within and *from* the walls of which have been of late years dramatised, both in England and France.

In coming to days nearer our own, we may mention that the Pont Neuf was long famous for its displays of *lyric* literature. On its walls were to be daily seen, similarly to what Pope writes of certain honoured regions of London in his time, ballads numberless—such as

"fluttering in a row,
Befringed the rails of Bedlam and Soho."

The bridge even gave its name, to a style well known in the lower walks of literature—such as *une romance du Pont Neuf*, *le style du Pont Neuf*, &c.—phrases equivalent to "Grub-street" performances; and just as the not-distant Place Maubert was once famous, during times of more leisure than those we now live in, for lazy meetings of quidnuncs of an evening, or on fête-days, all agape for rumours, and gave rise to the term *Nouvelles de la Place Maubert*, for any stupid reports or improbable or unauthentic news. Neither were meetings of that kind wanting, in past ages, on the Pont Neuf itself. We question if congregations of such a sort can now be found in any great city of civilised Europe, with the exception of Spain—if that country shall be allowed to be a civilised one. Such assemblies of idlers take place, we believe, at the Puerto del Sol (Gate of the Sun) at Madrid; but nowhere else that we know of.

We may as well mention, for the information of those who have never been in Paris, that the Pont Neuf can yet boast of twenty shops erected upon it, and incased in as many recesses, similar to those on Westminster bridge, but of course more roomy, where light and fancy wares are sold. These really make a long bridge look pleasant and cheerful, especially at night. On its footways, numbers of *décrotteurs*, or shoe-cleaners—a useful trade, much wanted in London,—have established themselves; also a good

many followers of a calling little known, or at least quite escaping public observation, in our metropolis. Their announcements, set down in the most primitive characters, usually run thus:—

"La Note, et sa femme, tond les chiens et coupe les chats; va en ville."

The meaning of which may run thus:—"I and my wife clip dogs and trim cats; do porter's work, charring," &c. Some of these men are industrious, trust-worthy fellows enough. Howbeit, if Parisian traditions are to be believed, there has been one black sheep in the fair flock—namely, the shoe-cleaner who trained his dog to dirty decent people's shoes, that his master might have the job of cleaning them. The story is well enough known, but many are ignorant that the scene of this alleged doggish wickedness was the Pont Neuf. Our moral corruptions, we see, may thus descend to animals, and sink deep even into the otherwise pure canine nature! "Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," for we love dogs.

The Isle de la Cité, on the edge of which the Pont Neuf sinks its middle piers (as if it had taken one long bridging span, and paused ere it took its second) was long the cradle and always the heart's-core of Paris. Even in Roman times it was the "dear Lutetia" of the emperor Julian, and his favourite resort. Though one may circumambulate its whole extent in ten minutes, yet has its surface been a stage whereon have been acted more scenes of historical import than were ever done in scores of provinces elsewhere. In its centre stands the ancient palace (now the Palais de Justice), the dwelling of all the earlier kings of France. Contiguous we have the ever-redoubtable and sometimes all-potential headquarters of the French police (now called the Prefecture). Between the latter and the terrible Conciergerie, with its over-ground and under-ground dungeons—rises in the most ornate gothic elegance the Sainte (holy) Chapelle, redolent of the devotion of other days and of the blind piety of the kingly St. Louis, relics of whose sanctity are not yet wanting to it. But more than all, at the extremity farthest from the Pont Neuf, stands the venerable cathedral of Notre Dame. What historical transactions have been manifested or shadowed forth within its honoured walls—what changes of times, what vicissitudes, what successions of principalities and supercessions of power, have they been dumbly conscious of! "O le beau jour que nous avons vu!" exclaimed the regretful imperial exile at St. Helena—"Oh, the beautiful sun that streamed in upon us through the windows of old Notre Dame on the 2nd of December 1804!" It was his coronation-day, when he placed one diadem on his own haughty head (he would not let the pope do it, although there for that express purpose); another round the gentle brow of Josephine. His empire so brilliant, (seemingly so solid,) and his power, have not they passed away like a vision of the night?—How sadly just is the mournful reflection of the classic and elegant Eustace:—"We all move along in a vast funeral procession, which conveys individuals, kingdoms, empires, onward to the engulfing tomb."

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

Yet Notre Dame remains! for the consecration, perhaps, of other dynasties yet to come.

An Englishman as he musingly paces its columned aisles, will, of course, think much of the triumphs at one time celebrated, the feudal homages at others paid, there by his country's kings—the Edwards, the Richards, the Henrys, of the Norman regal line. A North Briton, on the other hand, will recall to mind the long-continued connexion of his ancient country with the France of former days. He will remember that the first marriage of the most famous (or infamous, as the case may be) of all the queens of Scotland, the beauteous Mary Stuart, was here celebrated with every

gorgeous display that the time and country could effect. He will, if the moment chosen be a quiet one, and he of an imaginative turn, think he can still hear the old groined roof re-echoing the triumphant shouts of the Scots nobles, deputed to be present at that long-past ceremony, and to give away the peerless bride; when they hailed the beauteous newly-united couple with reiterated shouts of "Long live our dear Scottish queen, and her husband king Francis! * " But we quit the cathedral and other too-attractive localities, and return to the Pont-Neuf.

The bridge covers the identical spot of the Isle de la Cité whereon was acted a cruel tragedy in the year 1313. We mean the execution, by burning alive! of Jacques de Molai, grand-master of the Templars, with his friend and brother knight the commander of Normandy. From the midst of the flames, these victims of regal and papal oppression, solemnly cited king Philippe le Bel and pope Clement V. to answer at the bar of Heaven for their conduct to them; naming, also, the space within which they must appear there. Strangely enough, these potentates both died within the time given them.

The causes of the barbarous treatment of the order of Templars are somewhat obscure. Many charges were brought against them, most of them unlikely, and some impossible, to be true. They were plainly guilty, however, of being too opulent; for although to be poor is the most general crime found among the sons of men, still it will happen, now and then, that to be rich is one also. Of all kinds of power, that arising from the possession of property (says M. Guizot,) is the most disliked—the most envied—and therefore the most insecure in its tenure. We have often thought ourselves, that if the church of Rome had been less *accumulative*, the Reformation might have come much later—if it came at all; and that the old lady could have lived peacefully on to a quiet dotage, undisturbed by the reforming turbulence of any considerable number of her sons. But being rich, having laid up stores to attract the spoiler, the little-profiting many were hounded on by the zealots and the "knowing ones" among the plundering great, to her diminution or destruction. With respect to the coveted temporalities of the Templar knights, they were, after the greater part of their possessors were juridically murdered or banished, transferred, after being nearly *sucked dry* by pope and king, to the Knights-hospitallers.

Were the remarkable deaths of the latter hastened by repentance for the cruelty and injustice they had committed? of this we may have doubts; but there can be none of the remorse of another royal criminal, whose death-bed chamber is now almost in our sight. We mean Charles IX., who presided over the infernal massacre of St. Bartholomew;+ the largest share of the infamy of which still sticks to his name, though we now know that he was little more than a tool in the hands of the intriguing Guises and his detestable mother, who, if Satan happened to be in a widowed state when she passed to his dreary regions, being such a perfect feminine incarnation of evil, he must certainly have invited her to share his bed of fire and infernal throne.

Nevertheless it is a fact beyond all controversy, that the imbecile Charles presided at the murders as if it had been a joyous

* A Scotch queen regnant could, with the consent of the states, confer "the crown matrimonial" on her husband. The imbecile Darnley grew very sulky because Mary was in no hurry to obtain it for him. On the occasion of her first marriage, that with the French dauphin, eldest son of Henry II., the young man was not aware of the honour intended him by his bride, the thing being secretly concerted between her and the Scotch plenipotentiary nobles the day before; it was meant to give him an agreeable surprise, and no doubt did so. After her nuptials, which were very splendid, she bore at court the title of *la reine-dauphine*, "The Queen-dauphiness," till the death of her father-in-law. She was queen of France seventeen months only, her husband dying in 1560.

+ See No. 94 for an account of the deeds of this sad day, and the following.

recreation, applauded the perpetrators, and amused himself with firing from a window of the palace* on the fugitives as they swam for dear life in the Seine (the Pont Neuf as yet was not), hoping to pass the faubourg, and gain the open country beyond. But the time of retribution, even on earth, was not slow in coming.— Smitten by a mortal disease in the flower of his age, (to use the words of the eloquent M. Touchard de la Fosse) he saw himself perishing, without finding the smallest consolation in the recollection of a life full of agitations, and without ceasing tormented by remorse. This prince, in his last illness, would jump up in his bed, snatched from sleep by lugubrious dreams; and, as soon as his eyes were opened, frightful spectres seemed painted, terrible and threatening, on the walls of his chamber. Rivers of blood would seem to flow past him; heaps of corpses, intermingled with the dying, seemed to be piled up before him; while in his ears were poured the moans of sufferers in the last agony. If he left his couch, if he flew to open his chamber window to lighten, by breathing the fresh night air, the oppression upon his lungs, immediately the outer darkness seemed suddenly lit up by imaginary torches, carried hither and thither by spectre assassins, similar to those of the night of St. Barthélemy: bloody shades would seem to raise themselves from the dark waters of the Seine, and point with their skinny fingers to the numerous wounds that his cruel policy had inflicted.† *Then*, ever and anon, in that Paris where all is so slumbrous and so silent now, far other turmoils resounded in the ears of Charles; the clash of steel, the report of fire-arms, the cries of rage, the exclamations of despair. Remembering this, he would passionately burst into a fresh fit of tears and lamentations. As the dying prince's last moments drew near, he desired that the nurse who tended him should have her bed placed near to his. One night, says the annalist L'Estoile, she heard the king moaning and complaining. She rose softly and drew his curtain to ask if anything particular ailed him. All his answer, at first, was a deep-drawn sigh, succeeded by a plentiful gush of tears, not unaccompanied with loud and hysterical sobs, that choked all utterance for the time. At length he said, "Ah, my dear nurse, my good nurse, (she was a protestant!)‡ what bloodshed, what murders! Oh the wicked counsel that I have followed! O my God, in thy great mercy pardon the deeds I have done, if such may be thy blessed will. I know not what to think of all I have done; the thought of them puts me beside myself. What will all this come too—what shall I do? O good nurse, pray for me!"—His dying moments were often disturbed by his stern and remorseless mother—the evil genius of her husband and all her children,—four kings and

one queen of France*. It was remarked, that he latterly saw her with dislike and even a kind of terror. He died in the year 1574, and was succeeded by Catharine's favourite son, the despicable Henry III †.

* Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Marguerite, first wife of Henry IV., and last survivor of the house of Valois.

† Assassinated at St. Cloud in 1589, by Jacques Clement, a fanatic priest.

AN INCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the Levant Packet, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G— D—, then governor, and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family, indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G— D— invited me to a ball, to be given at the government-house the following evening; and Colonel Waring (as fine an old man as ever served the king), shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L—, of the Royal Navy.

Next evening I went to the ball at the government-house; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not very difficult to discover that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration. "Who is that gentleman?" said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison. "His name," said he, in a whisper, "is Donovan: you have, of course, remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the colonel's daughter and her partner. There are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L—; that he loves the one, and hates the other; and yet you will be surprised to be told that Donovan and Captain L— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago, Donovan saved the captain's life, by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has, since that time, twice forced Captain L— to fight a duel with him under the most suspicious circumstances, and, as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached to the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me that Donovan had formerly been married, and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the mind of many. "He has high interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning Emily Waring and Captain L— were to have been united. On Friday and on Saturday I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L—; who on Saturday evening said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade, not of displeasure, but uneasiness—pass over Emily's countenance; and the colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us tomorrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan."

* The window whence he is said to have fired is still shown. It is the most projecting one of the river front of the Louvre, and on what we would call the one-pair, having a balcony. Opposite to it, on the quay, the revolutionary Jacobin government erected a kind of gibbet, testifying to the truth of the tradition. Nevertheless, they were mistaken as to the place; for the building containing the window in question was not erected till twenty years afterwards, in the time of Henry IV. Bonaparte, when consul, ordered this gibbet to be removed. He had an early respect for royalty.

† The hotel Béthizy, near which the shot was fired that wounded the virtuous Coligny, a day or two previous to the massacre, (see No. 94, page 163, of Lond. Sat. Journal) may still be seen. The house is but a few doors from the Pont Neuf. Into this hotel he was taken disabled with his wound, and there ultimately murdered, after the most affectionate solicitude (altogether hypocritical) shown him by the king and his mother.

‡ Her situation in the royal household became her protection, amid the slaughter of the devoted Calvinists. The famous Ambrose Paré, the greatest surgeon of his time, who was also a protestant, was anxiously interceded for by the king, and saved—the enemies of the latter said, merely that the doctor might complete Charles's cure for a peculiar disease, which he was then labouring under. Certainly the entire court of France was, at that time, un-speakably prodigal. Even the youthful, and by us supposed unspotted, Mary Stuart had not escaped its corruption, if we can put any faith in the scandalous chronicles of the times. One person with whom she is accused of having had an intrigue, was the young and handsome Montmorency, son of the Constable of that name.

"He is misunderstood," said Captain L—. "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine. I could not refuse him." "Well, well," said the colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning :" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which in Gibraltar is the morning lounge. When it was over, the colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda,—that most charming labyrinth of geranium, and acacia, and orange-trees; and they staid in it so long that I left my seat, and returned to the colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness, and perhaps a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the government-house, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time; Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look, modest and enchanting; the colonel was impatient, for Captain L— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock; half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L—; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer, that after dinner he and Capt. L— walked up the rock; but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other, and he had not seen Capt. L— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old colonel stood beside her—one hand inclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment the governor, Sir G— D—, was announced, and the colonel and myself received him. "The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L—," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success; the sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan; and, under all the circumstances, I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan unfortunate, fatality, the court for the judgment of civil and criminal cases commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following; and from some further evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence, but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L— was proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into, and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house in company with Captain L—, he carried a concealed stiletto; and it was proved they were last seen together walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock, more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader perhaps requires to be informed that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of 1500 feet; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel, the road to the summit branches into two; one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path, the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial, but this had no doubt its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived, Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession; and his confession was to this effect, that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L—. He admitted that he had resolved upon his destruction; that, in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock; and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L—. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act? why confess one murder, and not another? and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy that Captain L— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep, and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bedside; I thought he said, three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, "I suffered justly; but I did not murder him—he yet lives." I am far from meaning to infer that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and the very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind, and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda, and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore. No one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning-gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat, unfastened its moorings, and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice: and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me if I assert, that when I first descried, upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the further steps that were taken, in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to to rescue Captain L— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. It was some days before he was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting; it was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears—never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda and the Bay of

Algesiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer-house, he gave us the following relation:—

" I left Griffith's Hotel above five o'clock, to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised; he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness, but during dinner he was often distracted; there was evident agitation in his tone and manner, and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first, and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then for the first time entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan as we ascended was calculated to increase it. You recollect that, about half a mile beyond the highest picquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port-holes, and seeing upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus, I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them; in fact, I thought Emily would like them; for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port-hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium-root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped, upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection, to raise myself up; but to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and, with the geranium-root, bounded from point to point into the sea. The separation of the fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare, without point, fissure, or root; it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port-hole. It was impossible by any exertion to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost!—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me; and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that none could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock from both sides, I saw, must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

" Evening passed away, it grew dark; and when night came, I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned; this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me—the morning from which I had, in imagination, dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean;—I cried aloud for help, but my cry was answered only by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death. I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed; I called wildly and insanely—called upon Emily; I cursed and bewailed my fate, and even

wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grass that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered;—I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married, and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued: here they are," said Captain L—, rising, and laying them upon Emily's lap.

But the recital had been too much for her feelings; she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control. "Hated flowers!" said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears.

" My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting-place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, " 'tis past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but Emily had left the summer-house; "next Monday," resumed the colonel, addressing Captain L—, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. Oh, how soon are sorrows forgotten! I saw Emily led to the altar; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the colonel had paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever, as gentle and good, and as much loved.—INGLIS.

ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

THIS place (Boulogne) is quite an English colony, and the number of its British inhabitants is upwards of 6000. Notwithstanding they must spend a considerable sum, they have not excited any good will among the natives, who speak of them with great contempt; and do not seem to thank them for a preference which they consider forced, as they believe that the English settlers have been driven from England by creditors or crimes, and consequently view them with a suspicious eye. It is melancholy to see numbers of English abandoning their own country, and residing in France. They lose that *amor patriæ*, which, in times of peril, nerves the arm of the citizen as well as the soldier. They acquire habits of luxury, which, though purchased at a comparatively cheap rate in France, cannot be procured in England but at a considerable expense. Habit renders these luxuries necessary, and a future residence in England becomes incompatible with the taste and comfort of these selfish exiles. Thus they become lost for ever to their country, and exist the dupes and jests of France. But there is still a more painful view of the subject to be taken. Where will end the pernicious effects to the young people taken to France to be educated, or who are born there? What will supply to them the place of those firm principles of religion and morality, so strongly inculcated in the minds of children in England; those vivid first impressions may be given in a foreign country by the parents, or by an English teacher taken with them; but, alas! can there be much expected from parents, who from selfish motives (and in nine cases out of ten I am persuaded it is so), remove their families from the moral atmosphere of their own country to expose them to the pestilential example of French modes and manners? or can an English teacher, who consents to become an exile, be expected to lay a foundation of religion and morality, that will bid defiance to the contagion of bad example? I am far from indulging the illiberal feeling that there is not virtue and amiability to be found in French people; and I am persuaded that many excellent

characters exist there; but the privacy and domestic habits of the estimable part of the French preclude the admission of the strangers within their private circles, and consequently the acquaintance which the English settlers form is seldom with those whose society would be advantageous to their children. Let any unprejudiced person observe the young English people who have been what is called educated in France, and he will allow that showy and superficial accomplishments, with levity and boldness of manners, supersede all solid and estimable acquirements. Is a woman thus accomplished fit to be the wife of an Englishman, and the mother of English children? Alas! no. She will not only be incapable of performing her own duties, but probably will pine for the scenes in which she passed her youth, and seduce her husband to abandon his country and go with her to France. Would that some friend to England would take up this subject, and point out to the deluded exiles the folly of their conduct! If the selfish motives that actuate the generality of English residents in France were exposed to the lash of ridicule, it might have a beneficial effect. If all men who preferred France were accused of giving it the preference, from a wish to avoid the payment of their just debts, or from a fallen pride of an inclination to the pleasures of the table, or from what is still worse, for having incurred a bad character at home,—they would feel ashamed, and perhaps awake to a sense of their degradation; and if the women were charged with preferring to see their daughters dance like opera-girls, and possess a few showy accomplishments, to their growing up useful, intelligent, virtuous young women, they might blush and take shame to themselves for the passion for lace and fine dress that first led them to prefer a residence in France.—*Lady Blessington.*

EXERTION ITS OWN REWARD.

"WHAT men most covet—wealth, distinction, power—
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize;
And they, the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having, by favour or inheritance,
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well-tried,
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood's most mature or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life."

ROGERS.

CONSCIENCE.

We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight, but we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible next morning, when reason is wide awake, upon whom remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel, has he committed a crime or incurred a laugh—it is the next morning when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre: then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion and sleep. But at morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and react, and live again—the wasting bitterness of self-reproval.—*Bulwer.*

LACONICS.

Wit only gains one the reputation of being hard-hearted, which it is very well to be in reality, but not to have the reputation of being.—*L. E. L.*

In transactions of trade, it is not to be supposed that, like gaming, what one party gains, the other must necessarily lose. The gain to each may be equal. If A has more corn than he can consume, but wants cattle, and B has more cattle, but wants corn, exchange is gain to each; thereby the common stock of comforts in life is increased.—*Franklin.*

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric man into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.—*Addison.*

Ambition thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,
To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door!
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell, and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones, and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering wore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beatuous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven—

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from those lips of air.

Oh! though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as they have lived and died.

From Bentley's Miscellany, by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BE CAUTIOUS IN YOUR UNDERTAKINGS.

Folly always enters at random, for all fools are inconsiderate. Ignorance, which at first prevents them from taking good care of what is proper, afterwards deprives them of the knowledge of the faults that are existent. But wisdom always enters with much precaution; her harbingers are reflection and discernment; these try the roads and clear the ways, that she may advance with safety. Discretion will condemn temerity, when on the brink of the precipice, although good fortune occasionally follow. It is fitting to walk with caution when we are apprehensive of danger in the footpath. The province of judgment is to essay, and that of prudence to follow. There are many great rocks and dangerous quicksands to pass in our voyage through life; it behoves us then to be watchful, and continually "heaving the lead."

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